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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE DAY AND THE WORK.

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only his hands can avail;
And so, if he falters, a chord in the music will fail.
He may laugh to the sky, he may lie for an hour in the sun;
But he dare not go hence till the labor appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;
So the errand is waiting; it has waited through ages for you.
And now you appear; and the Hushed Ones are turning their gaze
To see what you do with your chance in the chamber of days.

From the Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN".

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1918 Number 5

A PRAYER.

Father, make us glad that we are here, glad in the dear fellowships of the past, glad in the strong ties that bind us to our tasks, glad of the tasks. O Thou Burden Giver, lift us above the selfishness of the ease-seeker.

Father, take our hands and touch them with usefulness. Take our feet that they may be shod with willingness. Take our hearts that they may glow with kindness. Take our minds and tutor them in the way of truth. Take our voices and tune them to the universal harmonies that in finite time we may sound some notes of thy never-ending song. Amen.

J. Ll. J.

Is it not time to stop talking of "Wilson's terms of peace" and from press and pulpit talk of *our* terms of peace? For surely Wilson's terms of peace are our terms of peace. For such terms of peace our boys have gone forth to fight. Yet we know how fitful is the politics of our country. Even now we have heard of the "Republican party's peace terms." Shades of our ancestors defend us from politicians who would profit by the death-shattered lines of our boys!

O. C. S.

A special correspondent of the New York *Times,* in a recent dispatch from Paris, warns Americans that the silence of the European press on President Wilson's Metropolitan Opera House address is not to be misinterpreted. The correspondent need not worry—there is no danger of such misinterpretation! The American people have noted a similar silence on this side of the water, and they know exactly what it means. If they had any doubts, the chatter of Mr. Roosevelt would soon convince them. This address was the most important and prophetic utterance made by any statesman in the world, since the entrance of the United States into the Great War; it set forth in unmistakable terms the democratic purposes of the nation in this struggle; and it was aimed straight at certain groups in the Allied Powers, as well as at the leaders of the Central Empires. It is well that such an address should be met with silence in certain quarters. Some people are thinking when they are still. And it is not impossible that, when this silence is at last broken, it will be discovered that these people are beginning to realize that the President meant business when he declared once on a time that "the world must be made safe for democracy." J. H. H.

The New York *Nation,* the oldest liberal weekly in America, now an independent publication under the vigorous editorship of its owner, Oswald Garrison Villard, has announced a most important extension of its public service as a journal of affairs. Beginning with October 5th, and fortnightly thereafter, the *Nation* proposes to publish a special supplement entitled "International Relations Section." Founded for the express purpose of aiding in the upbuilding of a liberal public opinion in international affairs, this supplement "will supply facts, articles by experts, news and documents nowhere else accessible." The first issue, now before us, contains articles by John Bassett Moore and others; texts of important diplomatic papers; numerous excerpts from foreign newspapers and reviews; an invaluable summary of President Wilson's utterances during the past year on the vexed problem of Austria-Hungary; and several columns of news items and comments. It is reported that the government has granted the *Nation* a special supply of print paper, so valuable does it regard this supplement as a form of public service. It is unnecessary to point out that nothing of the kind is being attempted elsewhere in the country. J. H. H.

In these days, when we are coming to understand so clearly that the Bible represents only a part of the sacred literature of the race, it is interesting to make note of the volumes which are published from time to time in what seems to be deliberate supplementation of the Old and New Testaments. Moncure D. Conway's "Sacred Anthology," so largely drawn from eastern scriptures, was perhaps the first real undertaking of this kind, and for a long time stood practically alone. Then came Stanton Coit's priceless little book, "The Message of Man." In 1913 this was extended on a most elaborate scale by Dr. Coit, in his two-volume compilation entitled "Social Worship." Other books now available are J. M. Connell's "A Book of Devotional Readings from the Literature of Christendom," comprising well-chosen selections from the early Christian fathers on the one hand, to Matthew Arnold and Leo Tolstoi on the other; Upton Sinclair's flaming anthology of social revolt, "The Cry for Justice," and Robert Bridges's marvelously choice collection of utterances of philosophers and poets, aptly called "The Spirit of Man." The minister who is too lazy to find other material for pulpit use than the traditional scriptures is stripped of all excuse. The treasure-troves of sacred literatures are now wide open. J. H. H.

Men and women who have lived and fought for truth and righteousness and justice have gone beyond our vision, leaving us to carry on the fight. Happy indeed are we if it has been permitted us to glimpse the vision that sustained them. Never again in our lifetime will there be such need of institutions committed to righteousness and justice and love to God and love to man. Into untrained hands has been given the task of steering such an institution, an experiment laden with hopes of the church that is to be. We cannot now trim our sails to the gusts of wind that are the public opinion, this way today, that way tomorrow. We must, if we are to be worthy of our helmsman who trusted us to sail on to serve humanity, steer as he did by the fixed stars. The war will cease but race prejudice, religious bigotry, and political corruption remain deadly enemies of democracy. The saloon is here. At best the only promise is a temporary closing of the doors till the war is over. Where in all the world, not excepting the militarism gone mad in Germany, are there enemies so deadly to democracy as the rich, corrupt, boodling politicians intrenched in their strongholds, the saloons of the United States? War itself causes less of death, destruction, heart-ache and wasted lives than the saloon.

We go on alone for a time,—how long a time God alone knows,—to fight for democracy sustained by the confidence of our leader and led by his vision of the Brotherhood of man, the Fatherhood of God.

O. C. S.

It would seem that at last one of the attempts to "take the kingdom of Heaven by violence" is receiving at the hands of its erstwhile supporters the condemnation it long since received from those whose religion is more a matter of the reason than of the emotions. *The Christian Century* reports that a vote of censure has been passed upon the Rev. William A. Sunday, better known as "Billy Sunday," by the Chicago Presbytery through which Mr. Sunday finds his affiliation with the Presbyterian Church. The following resolution was adopted last spring after the Presbytery had watched his work in Chicago:

> There were 5,223 cards given to pastors of our various Presbyterian churches, the signers of which gave the Presbyterian Church as a preference. Thirty-two churches reported having received 109 members. If the same proportion prevailed in the other churches not reporting, the total number of accessions was 325. The largest number reported by any one church was twenty-five. After getting the views of all the pastors there is no disguising the fact the results were disappointing, although this does not necessarily mean the campaign was a failure. We would have been glad if all profanity and all vulgar expressions which really shock the moral sense could have been omitted. We believe, too, that better results would have been obtained if the invitation to trail hitters had not been so indiscriminate, and if greater care had been given to give those who came forward definite spiritual help.

Q.

Another valuable book of responsive readings for use in churches and in all public assemblies, as well as in schools and homes, has been compiled from the great literatures of all races and all ages, and it is well that it has been done by so able and liberal a mind as that of John Haynes Holmes. Collaborating with Mr. Holmes in this much needed work are Rev. Harvey Dee Brown, Helen E. Redding and Theodora Goldsmith. The authors have "acted upon the conviction that the Christian Bible is only a part of the sacred literature of the race, and that other material from the great writers of ancient and modern times may well be adapted in our day for ritual uses as the Psalms were adapted in former days." It is also refreshing to note that "special attention has been paid to the social message of modern religion," and to find both Buddha and Tagore, Seneca and H. G. Wells, Marcus Aurelius and Tolstoi, Mazzini and Woodrow Wilson, with subjects ranging from "The Soul" to "Democracy" and from "Justice" to "The Coming Peace." We promise a longer review in UNITY's columns later. The book is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. with the title "Readings from Great Authors."

Q.

Present Tendencies in Religion

The new interest in religion, about which much is now being written—it being claimed that no one is critical of its tendencies, and that there are no doubters and no skeptics—means that the occult, the mystical, and the supernatural have been revived in large degree. Credulity, superstition, and fanaticism, if they do not control the religion of the day, have over it a very large dominion. Even palmistry, astrology and spiritualism have their numerous and ardent advocates. Rationalism is condemned, science is ostracized, sanity in philosophy no longer meets with approval; and these are replaced by vitalism, an exaggerated idealism, and an assumption that psychic research is to give a new faith and a fresh hope.

Whatever there may be of permanent value in these tendencies, how is it possible to conclude that they are more than passing phases of the life of our time! The history of the past assures us that the occult and the mystical are only temporary phases of a religion which abides through all the centuries. The rationalism which is now tabooed will inevitably come back in a great revival, we may be assured. Religion divorced from reason and from science cannot be other than credulous, superstitious and fanatical. However attractive the tendency to the occult may be for the moment to many persons, it has not the qualities which are permanent.

It is often claimed that this passing charm of the occult is a reaction against the materialism of science; but it must not be forgotten that there may be a revolt against the occult—and one that will carry rationalism and science to heights they have never hitherto reached in the history of religion. Fascinating as the mystical may be to those who come under its attractive influence, it has never had other than a fleeting hold upon the great majority of mankind. We have gone too far in the direction of a clear-thinking view of the world to give other than a passing opportunity to the occult. Its power is steadily waning, and it can come in our time only to a spasmodic and temporary rejuvenescence. The day for these phases of religion—however great their appeal for the moment—cannot be other than temporary, and as a mere fashion of the hour. G. W. C.

The Re-Birth of Democracy

Out of social travail came forth American democracy—the child of mutual faith and love. Then came years of ease and plenty—the precursors of relapse. Relapse came. As we rolled in ease and plenty we forgot the price our fathers paid for freedom. We became half-hearted advocates of democracy. We doubted that the cure for democracy is more democracy. We sold our rights and shifted our duties. Soothed into slumber by the siren song of self-indulgence, we were about to become easy prey for the unscrupulous and tyrannical advocates of the philosophy of fang and claw.

Happily we have had an awakening and have become conscious of some disquieting facts.

First, we became conscious that the world is not safe for democracy. Nor can the world be safe for democracy while powerful autocracies exploit the people and clutch at humanity's throat. Nor can the world be safe for democracy while autocratic types of living exist. Beneath every autocratic type of living is a volcano ready to burst forth at any moment. Nor is the world safe for democracy while autocratic ideas exist. Ideas tend toward manifestation in action. The thinking of the world must be freed from autocratic categories.

Second, we became conscious that demoracy is not safe for the world. This was the most disquieting fact of all. We had thought in terms of the declaration of independence, the constitution, and the emancipation proclamation. We rolled these terms from our lips forgetful of their fundamental content. We left the application of these principles of justice to the will of the unwilling. We saw that demoracy is not safe for the world while guarantees of equitable arrangement are unfulfilled; while people are mere pawns and self-determination a mere term; while demagogues are idolized and democrats martyred; and while individuals are dominated by ideals that reach neither the heart nor the head.

Third, we became conscious that a democratic government cannot live unto itself alone. Re-born democracy opened wide its eyes when it realized that it owes a duty to the world, that it cannot and should not live isolated from the rest of the world, that it should help other near-democracies in their struggle for freedom. Then demoracy saw its supreme opportunity, viz., to pledge the world to the principle of self-determination and liberty under law. Our democracy has seized this supreme opportunity, and a new day dawns for the world.

Fourth, we became conscious that the appeal of democracy is to the heart as well as to the brain. Theoretical advocacy of democracy is not enough. We must love democracy. We do love her. And we will defend her from all foes, within and without. However much we may have doubted democracy, no longer do we doubt her. We have turned our faces forever from the old orders of government, be they ever so efficient. We cling to democracy with a new love born of a new vision.

Having become conscious of these things, democracy is reborn in our souls, and we have sworn at the altar of freedom that the dead shall not have died in vain, and that government of, for, and by the people shall yet be realized in the governmental institutions of the world.

CURTIS WILLIFORD REESE.

THE ETERNAL CLUB

Warming their withered hands, the dotards say:
"In our youth men were happy till they died.
What is it ails the young men of today—
To make them bitter and dissatisfied?"

Two thousand years ago it was the same:
"Poor Joseph! How he'll feel about his son!
I knew him as a child—his head aflame
With gold. He seemed so full of life and fun.
And even as a young man he was fine,
Converting tasteless water into wine.
Then something altered him. He tried to chase
The money-changers from the Temple door.
White ringlets swung and tears shone in their poor
Aged eyes. He grew so bitter and found men
For friends as discontented—lost all count
Of caste—denied his father's faith, and then
He preached that dreadful Sermon on the Mount!
And even then he would not let things be;
For when they nailed him high up on the tree
And gave him vinegar and pierced his side
He asked God to forgive them—still dissatisfied!"

—*Osbert Sitwell.*

From The Nation.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Jenkin Lloyd Jones was a normal American. He came from the stock that made the United States possible. Though he was born in the old country, west of the winding Severn, he lived his life, all but a few months, in the land he loved so well, and to which he contributed the full vigor of his body and mind. A Welshman, with all the earnestness of the best of his race, but fortunately lacking the characteristics of the merely political Celt. He reminded me of those of his folk who combine the joy of pursuing ideals with the restraint and wisdom found usually in the cultured Englishman. For all that America shaped him in a mold all her own. His boyhood was spent in the heart of Wisconsin. He told me his surroundings were primitive enough when he was a lad, and who can doubt that he very early in life was conscious of being near the soul of natural things. He grew up in the midst of simple folk pursuing the tenor of their pastoral ways. The sweet, clear skies, the wide rolling prairie, the fragrant forests, and the generous streams, gave him something of their strength and their breadth. All through his active life he was never very far away for long from the scenes of his boyhood. He was, however, a traveller. He knew the country of his adoption; indeed there have been few men who have seen more of it, and who have come so closely in touch with the people themselves. For many years he travelled far and wide, lecturing to audiences who knew him, not merely as a platform celebrity, but as one who was intimate with their needs and desires. In this work he made himself at home with his audiences; there was never that gulf, so seldom bridged, that yawns between the speaker and his hearers. A homely atmosphere went with him, for he was always a simple American gentleman. And yet there was an unmistakable dignity at all times which was as natural as that of the hills and forests of his boyhood home. He seemed to me to represent the best to be found in the aristocracy whose life is given to the soil. In that way he was more English than Welsh, he came nearer to the Wordsworthian ideal of nature's gentlemen than anyone I have met. But America was peculiar in this respect, of producing this type, more common a generation ago than now, and often enough I have caught myself when speaking to him wondering what has happened that the type should change so much in recent years. Somehow my mind would turn to him as if he were one who gave it nourishment. He was so good, so reliable; he was a man of understanding, and comprehended with a fine distinction those refinements in discussion which make controversy a pleasure, though disagreement abound on all sides of the subject. These qualities are precious, and men who have them strengthen the State, ennoble art, and make life worth living.

When it is remembered that he was a soldier who knew the worst of war, that he fought to make the Union possible, that he was not only a follower of Lincoln, but fought that Lincoln might bequeath to his people a United States bound strongly together in ties of brotherhood and love, it must seem strange to many who knew him only as he has been pictured by the writers of the moment. Now that his last retreat has been sounded, and that he will bivouac with his dead lying in the heart of Wisconsin, we may look lightly upon the misunderstandings of some of his friends. Let it be as he would wish it. In recent years, not in his declining years, he had none—he was hale, full of the humor of rich existence, until a few days before his passing—there were trials enough to warp even so strong a nature as his. He felt the war, felt it deeply, as only one who knows and loves America can. But there never was a moment when he was not an American. He loved her so well that hate or swerving allegiance would have meant death to every ideal he held dear. I saw him and spoke to him a few weeks ago and found his faith in her unshaken. Not one harsh word fell from his lips, and I wondered again and again that one who had suffered so much trial, for his suffering was that of a strong man, could remain so sweet and kindly at a time when passion was wildly antagonistic. He was the gentleman of understanding to the very end. To many of us who have not seen war the thought of it is very terrible, but to one who fought in the Civil War it must be an utterly distracting convulsion. Perhaps some of the finest moments of his life were those in recent months when there was no bitterness in his heart, and not one word or thought was levelled against anyone who was not in agreement with him.

Faith in his fellowmen was so large a part of his character and life that it is well one can say he never lost it. Unsullied, unbruised, his faith will ever remain in the memory of his nearest and dearest friends as a sweet tribute to the grace of God which passes all understanding. He held it long, through all the vicissitudes of the Civil strife of fifty years ago. It was with him in the trenches then, it was as strong in these days when the youths of modern civilization are pouring into the trenches of Europe. I have heard him tell the stories of Civil War soldiers, his companions in arms, with a sympathy and humor which few authors have succeeded in putting into their books on war. It seemed to me that in those days he was gifted with something of that humor which the English lad in war carries with him, and which is as necessary in the work to be done as the rations in his box and the water in his flask. He knew the humor which makes life mobile and gives to death a benign countenance. There was a peach orchard lying between the entrenched soldiers of the Union and the besieged Confederates. The soldiers of both sides with watering mouths watched the peaches ripen. There was little actual fighting being done. The men had time night and day to think of the luscious fruit hanging only a few yards from the entrenchment. "It was too much for the martial spirit to endure," Jones said, "and the only way to get strict attention to duty was to remove the peaches as soon as possible." One night the soldiers of both sides planned together to gather the fruit. Sacks were found, and when all was quiet, an equal number of men from each army crept into the open, filled their sacks with peaches, divided them equally, and returned to their places. All this was done without interruption, without an officer detecting the operation. But to the amazement of all the quiet was broken by volleys from rifles on each side, the bullets whizzing high up in the air. This brought the officers quickly to the spot, thinking

there was a night attack. When they asked what was the matter, they were told that "the men thought they had seen someone creeping forward in the darkness." He was full of such stories and his sense of humour heightened his appreciation of them.

It has been said that there is no such thing as an American yeoman class, for the children of the farmer generally drift in to the occupations of town life. That may be so, and anyone familiar with farming in this country twenty-five years ago can easily understand the migration from the country to the town. A farm meant hard work and loneliness, it was a place where only too often the farmer and his family toiled without recreation, a place of recreation during the summer months for the visitors from the towns. With Jenkin Lloyd Jones it was something more than this. He loved a farm, not merely as a place where he might loaf the summer through, and gain refreshment for his winter's work. He loved a farm with all the ardor of a British agriculturist. A farm was near to natural things, and conveyed the quiet truths of growth to him. The last time I spoke with him he was full of enthusiasm of changing his herd of jerseys for guernseys. I pictured him strolling through an English market town on a cattle-fair day. Thorn in hand, wearing leggings and a waterproof, a wisp of hay in his mouth, pondering how he stood with the Squire. In appearance it was easy to associate him with what a farm means to a Britisher. His front was akin in many respects to the jolly, good-natured, intelligent farmer of the shires. But that description would fit him only when he was speaking of a farm. His strong, almost rugged features, his white, flowing beard, and abundant hair, his fresh, open-air like complexion, gave him the appearance, when he was on the rostrum, of a bard, celebrating at some Eisteddfodd in far off Wales. His body was compact, well-knit, resolute, solid; an authoritative man, full of multitudes. There was a rock-like appearance about him, not hard, but glowing like a rock full of rich coloring with the mellowing influence of an evening sun on it. His feet were planted firmly on the earth, so there was repose and firmness in his demeanor. His voice was rich and of full register. I did not hear him speak until a year or two ago and then I found it extraordinarily strong and clear for a man of his years. He had all the power and fluency of the Welsh orator. He could strike a harsh tone to thrust home some repellant phrase just as easily as he could speak the suasive tone to woo the confidence of a timid child. He must have been a wonderful speaker when in middle life. So many people imagine that oratory is something to be acquired, that it is an art the elocutionist can impart, that it is difficult to make these people understand that men like Jones never took a lesson in elocution in their lives, and never at any time knew anything of the tricks of the elocutionist. If the subject cannot make a man speak with distinction, no teacher of oratory can make good oratorical deficiencies. Jones was as natural in his speech, which was, of course, simple Saxon, as Bright was. These two men had much in common; indeed the poor understood both. Aside from the business of agriculture, there must have been many fascinations he found at the farm in Wisconsin. The warm wind in the ripening grain no doubt brought him messages from a bounteous Creator which encouraged him in his work among the children of the poor in Chicago. In the summer time at Tower Hill he could rest when all his products, save the quiet, patient cow, were restless, and stretch his length and loaf while the sun that ripened his corn warmed his soul and kept it sweet. Yet, in so busy a life as his, no season was without its work. Even when away from All Souls' church for the summer months, he carried away with him a hundred and one duties to perform at Tower Hill. There was always the paper, UNITY, which he edited for over a generation—a paper which brought religious and intellectual pleasure to many hundreds of readers, a reliable sheet in which gentle minds might be wrapped in security from the turbulance of the times. UNITY was typical of the editor's courage and consistency; it was a symbol of purpose. There was besides a work of summer performance in which he was deeply interested and which engrossed a great deal of his attention: the children's summer camp at Clear Lake, Milton Junction. At that camp between fifty and sixty children of Chicago, who would not otherwise enjoy a holiday in the country, were entertained for a fortnight. Each fortnight during the summer brought its fresh group of children, so the social work of Lincoln Centre went on all the year, in and out of town, tending always to make life happier for the children, educating them for better spheres of activity.

It is as it should be, he died where he had roamed when a boy, and there were smiling pastures and richly stored balms around him when he breathed his last. So often it is at the end of a long life one's activities lie scattered far afield, and in the last hours when we are conscious of the finger posts we have passed along the road, recollection then seems to double the distance they are from us. There was with him so much of his life near at hand that he must have felt like a child whose garden is its Universe. The earth he trod, the lands he loved and explored, when a lad, will receive him kindly So many of us drift far, far away from the place of our beginning, so restless has our life become, that now when we hear of one of great age finding a resting place in the earth known and loved when a boy, it seems like the story of a crusader after many years drifting back to the warm embrace of his native land.

I have often asked myself why it is one so rarely meets nowadays a cultured American who knows and understands the America of Emerson, Whitman, and Thoreau. Frequently when speaking to Jones I have been struck with the notion that I was with a man of a generation back. Though he was quite modern, up-to-date, indeed, he had not lost touch with the individualists. No one was more conscious of the social need and less of a professorial sociologist than he, but he was not led away by the card system, and the ticketing and docketing which seems to have become a pastime of those who are engrossed in the superficial aspects of civic conditions. Yet, he boldly admitted that he had no cut and dried plan of solving social problems. He said to me, "I have not much faith in panaceas." Nevertheless, his desire to bring happiness and abundance into the life of all was a burning one. Through culture and understanding he hoped a better world would be shaped. The material woe of it as it is today shocked him deeply. I should

say that his attitude to life was in economics and industry, liberal; in religion and social matters, radical. He seemed to be at one with Emerson. Perhaps he was less of a political parson than anyone I have met, and that may be the reason why he did not altogether grasp those economic fundamentals which were expounded so clearly by Henry George—one must be conscious of the political disabilities of a mere political democracy before one can understand the value of economic fundamentals as a means to making democracy secure. As I have said he was an American in the best sense of the term. There was something all embracing in his notion of democracy. All Souls' Church was open to anyone, everyone, no matter of what race, of what color, of what creed, his church was as open and free as the America of Walt Whitman. In many respects he was a Whitman of the pulpit. He saw nature with the eyes of a Thoreau, and he was as refined as Thoreau in his estimate of the regard we should have for the functions of the body. Jones was unique! It is not often we find a man combining some of the qualities of the three great American individualists. What was lacking in him was what was lacking in these great men, and perhaps because America was so wide, so sparsely settled, so self-contained and rich in natural resources, they did not dream a day would come when the pouring millions of Europe would flow over here and find a land monopolized by the few. They were not driven as we were in Europe to fundamentals, and small wonder the British people understood Henry George long before his fellow-countrymen did.

Jones was a voluminous reader. His library, which was a large one was read by him. It showed years of careful selection. It abounded in a variety of subjects; works ancient and modern, prose and verse, philosophy, psychology, metaphysics, works on religions, sermons; there was to be found the best that had been said and thought by the English writers. He knew the Elizabethans and talked illuminatingly about them. Then he was modern, no new movement in literature escaped him. I have found no one so familiar with the free verse of today. I heard him deliver a lecture of profound interest on it. But it was as a Browning scholar that he shone particularly. The philosophy of "Paracelsus" and "The Ring and the Book" was quite clear to him. He read Browning aloud with a clarity and emphasis which were beautiful to hear. For years at Lincoln Centre he lectured on Browning, and undoubtedly brought the poet, and an understanding of him, to the minds of hundreds of students, and he will be remembered by them as one who has given them something the world cannot take from them, the joy contained in that message of hope which Browning conveyed in his two great poems.

Chicago, and indeed the world, is the poorer for his loss. Who will fill his place? We all ask that now, for we need a Jenkin Lloyd Jones always among us. Brave soldier, honest citizen. Full of faith and loyalty to the last, death had no terrors for him, and could not come with grim forbidding features to take one whose kindliness was as warm and soft as the evening of this lovely autumn day.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

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XXIX

The Civic Code

Lesson III

The Problem of Liberty and Rights

Personal liberty ends where our neighbors' rights are menaced.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

We will apply this last of three lessons on ethics in the plural number to the spiritual and not commercial life. The thinking of the ethical world in regard to the development of the individual and the perfection of society, seems to fall into two distinct lines, socialism and individualism or anarchy, terms which should be considered by this class philosophically and not as terms of reproach.

Emerson and Thoreau may perhaps be taken as the noblest flowers of the doctrine of individualism and, shall I say, Tolstoy and Ruskin as the noblest flowers of socialism? There seems to be to the amateur moralist very practical conflict in the general application of these theories, but if we travel far enough we may reach a synthesis.

To the individualist democracy gives the right to each individual to administer his own life in his own way, even if he chooses to do it to his own damnation. "Personal liberty!" is the cry of the United Societies, a body composed of brewers, distillers and saloonkeepers,, and their champions claim that the calamities that come from intoxication are lighter burdens than the harm done to society from invaded rights and the degradation of submission. If they have not liberty to do otherwise what credit to them or to the nation is sobriety!

"Personal liberty!" was the cry of the old-fashioned slave owner in the South. The Confederacy grew out of the determination of the men of the South to control their own rights, and they regarded the Northern Abolitionists, with Lloyd Garrison as a type, as invaders of those rights. Robert E. Lee hated slavery, provided for the manumission of his own slaves,—the state of Virginia was pretty nearly ready to do the same thing,—but when Lee thought the rights of Virginia were to be interfered with, as a champion of liberty he went into the Confederacy with his whole heart. Many such able men, philosophers, orators, etc., believe that man's individual right is a most sacred thing, and anything looking towards the curtailment of the freedom of his individual life is a menace to civilization.

Corporate ethics means quite another slogan, my liberty ends where my neighbor's rights are menaced. Every advance in civilization has carried with it a limitation of individual liberty. The most cultivated society is found where liberty is most circumscribed and every movement towards increasing personal comfort carries with it a movement to limit one's liberty.

Herbert Spencer in the earlier part of his career made a convincing argument against taxation for public schools,—the bachelor should not be taxed for the education of other people's children. But in the same kind of argument applied to public roads he saw where that logic would land one, and in his "Data of Ethics" he surrendered, though not very graciously and not very effectively. The social end of Spencer's philosophy is the least satisfying. Of course it is clear that if intelligence is the condition of the state's well being, then the interests of all are absolutely identical. Individual ethics breaks where public welfare begins. Personal ethics must take the next step, must bloom into social ethics.

The only chance for absolute personal liberty is in the life of the hermit. Such liberty might be possible in a cañon of the Rocky Mountains, but the moment man touches other men, their interests and duties invade his rights.

The socialist theory is perfectly clear concerning the interests of forests, mines and rocks. We realize that obligation to the whole of society prohibits the exploitation of any part of the world good for individual ends and to the hurt of the community. But the pathetic thing about socialism is that that is where its advocates stop in their urgency. There are those who, while clamorous for common ownership of goods, sensitive to the proper distribution of wealth, are apparently reluctant to pay the penalty of communism in morality, of submitting their own private lives to regulations which they think they do not need, but which are necessary to the community.

Anarchistic socialism is a perplexity. The socialist says on the question of water power we must all stand together and accept the conditions which will settle it most effectively; but the regulations of the home, married life and education, must be settled by the individual. Woman has a right to her own body, man has a right to follow the whim of his desire; anything else is tyranny. We who are most valiant defenders of our common rights to the material of the world are not jealous of the little bit of common ethics we have acquired. We have not begun to feel the power of the public conscience, of corporate ethics. Society is held together by slowly evolved conditions of morals and domestic adjustment, the undermining of which is to the deterioration of society.

After all, our governing ethics, our rules of conduct, are not the outcome of our own convictions or acceptance, but are those of the community. We cannot go much beyond community intelligence.

Where today are our individual convictions? Ten years ago our teachers and preachers were clear in demanding an interpretation of Christianity in terms of love and brotherhood. What is the philosophy of continued lynchings of colored men in the South, and, with less provocation, the lynching of a man with a German name?

We are just begining to appreciate statutory laws. For many centuries, preachers, teachers and philosophers have insisted on the standards of the Decalogue, the regulations of the Bible concerning Sabbath breaking, etc., have become authoritative. Yet the same teachers have open condemnation for the statute books of the state because they are imperfect. They may be ambiguous, but when an obligation becomes sufficiently clear to a community, to a city, so that an enactment of a common council is sought, it is a very happy sign. When carried to Springfield and embodied in a law it should be regarded with religious reverence. Still more should this be true of a federal measure such as the two great questions which have recently come to be federal issues, one to abolish from the United States the traffic in liquor and the other to give to the women of the United States the right to vote.

All legislation is an attempt on the part of those of keen vision to organize life for the benefit of the less clear, the ennobled stratas of society trying to ennoble all stratas, and as such it should command respect.

The next thing to do in ethics is to socialize our morals. Then the socialism of our resources will be easy and inevitable. The reluctancy of business men to yield to the obvious requirements of commercial ethics is due to the selfishness of their morals. They have not glimpsed the inspiration of corporate morals when it comes to sanitary regulations, rest and club room privileges for their employes. Socialized ethics do not occur to them.

The leaders of socialism are also sometimes unsocial in their ethics. Those whose incomes are $1,800 may be acceptable to certain socialists, but these same socialists apparently have only contempt for the one whose income is $18,000 a year. But he is a part of the corporate whole and must be saved. It takes both ends of the commercial world to come to a righteous business.

Whatever emphasizes the antagonisms of the world, whatever tends to draw distinctions and produce enmities and rivalries either in creeds or in business, in race or in culture, is immoral and obstructive.

The trend of evolution from the world stuff we started out with to Jesus Christ and his colleagues is towards a communal life. That is why the bee and the ant have beaten us. The pig, generally timid, but the most highly developed and socialized animal in the barnyard, will respond when the call of distress is heard and the farm boy knows he is safest on the other side of the fence.

There are three elements that go to form individual ethics: First, we are born with microbes of thought in our spiritual blood; second, the unconscious and conscious influence of our neighbors; and third, though seemingly trivial, come the newspaper and the subtle argument of the cartoonist.

In spite of these forces can we develop in our children respect for the rights and safety of the community? Can we keep them from becoming the victims of public sentiment? Can we make it clear that the conscientious objector must revere the statutes not by sacrificing his own judgment, not obeying when conscience forbids, but by accepting the penalty, thereby showing respect for the law.

We must realize the immense power of submission to the interest of an ideal in the conquest on Calvary. Jesus could so easily, with the use of a little policy, have dodged the issue. Pilate would have been only

too glad to rid himself of the responsibility. But Jesus accepted the penalty of his convictions. Even in the cold light of rationalism the greatest triumph the world has ever seen was won on Calvary, won by the Son of a Carpenter.

QUESTIONS.

(1) In studying the evolution of society how does the teacher of ethics classify modern theories?
(2) (a) Give the main points of philosophic socialism.
(b) The main points of philosophic anarchy.
(3) Name two great teachers of socialism.
(4) Name two great teachers of individualism.
(5) Facing the weak points in both theories, is it possible to evolve a theory of living which if applied would eliminate inequalities and tend toward an ideal communal life?

SOME BLESSEDS.

Blessed are they that have eyes to see.
They shall find God everywhere.
They shall see Him where others see stones.

Blessed are they that have understanding hearts.
To them shall be multiplied Kingdoms of Delight.

Blessed are they that see visions.
They shall rejoice in the hidden ways of God.

Blessed are the song-ful of soul.
They carry light and joy to shadowed lives.

Bessed are they who rejoice in the power of prayer.
They draw very near to God.

Blessed are they who know the power of Love.
They dwell in God, for God is Love.

Blessed are the dead.
For they are with God.

Blessed are the living.
For they can still serve God.

Blessed are they who rejoice in their children.
To them is revealed the Father-Motherhood of God.

Blessed are the childless, loving children still.
Theirs shall be a mightier family,
Even as the stars of heaven.

Blessed are the souls kept virgin for mankind.
Unto them shall be given unbounded kingdoms of great joy.

Blessed are the faithful strong.
They are the right hands of God.

Blessed are they that dwell in peace,—
If they forget not God.

Blessed are they that fight for the right
They shall save their souls,
For God is with them.

Blessed are they whose memories we cherish.
Our thoughts add jewels to their crowns.

Blessed are they who, through tribulation, have come to perfect trust in God.
Theirs is the peace which passeth understanding.

Blessed are the burdened of heart to whom The Comforter has come.
They foretaste the joy of heaven.

Blessed are the souls all bare before God.
He shall clothe them with His Peace and Love.

Blessed is the people whose heart is set on God.
It shall STAND.

—*John Oxenham.*

Twenty Minutes by Tunnel from Dover to Calais a Dream to Come True

FRANCE AND ITALY AGREE THAT ENGLAND SHALL BEGIN THE GREAT WORK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

Years ago, when Germany was making up her mind whether to be friends with England or enemies, von Moltke said: "A tunnel under the English Channel, connecting England with France, will not be of any use for the invasion of England, but it would play the very devil with Germany in case of war." Great Britain did not accept the hint, but went into a panic over the possibility of an invasion of England by France in case a tunnel connected the two countries. Now, according to cable dispatches, the British government has decided that the tunnel shall be constructed at the earliest possible moment. A resolution in favor of building the tunnel, introduced before the International Parliamentary Conference in July, received strong support of the French and Italian delegates—so strong, in fact, that it was passed unanimously.

Its sponsors estimate that the passenger traffic from France alone would be 3,000,000 annually, instead of the 100,000 by Channel steamer before the war. Passenger and freight traffic between Great Britain and the Continent was figured at a profit of $5,600,000 or seven per cent on the tunnel company's proposed capital of $80,000,000. The saving of time and the always unpleasant steamer trip over the rough Channel are two big features mentioned also by those in favor of the tunnel. The distance between Dover and Calais is twenty-six miles.

The mechanical problem of construction, though enormous, offers no particular difficulty to engineers, writes H. K. Moderwell, in the *New York Times*, who adds:

In no quarter has the feasibility of the scheme been questioned. The geological formation of the Channel is remarkably regular. Regular layers of chalk-stone, impervious to water, connect France and England but a few feet below the bottom, and through these the borings would be made. The prevailing rock is almost ideal for the purpose, being solid and homogeneous, yet not too hard.

Four independent tubes are proposed, two for traffic each way. Each would be circular in form and about twenty feet in diameter. The tubes would be some fifty feet apart. They would be lined with concrete. When the project was first perfected the cost (for two tubes) was estimated at from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000. This is far too low a figure for today, and in any case the two additional tubes would greatly increase the cost. The estimated time of construction is from seven to ten years. The completed tube would run for fully twenty miles under water and the terminal sections would add four or five miles to the total. . . .

Commercially the Channel route would probably be more expensive for heavy traffic than the water route. It would doubtless be confined to luxuries, mails and perishable articles. Certainly trade between the two countries would be immensely stimulated, and England would capture much of the commerce which otherwise would go to Belgium or Germany. No estimate can be made of the commercial possibilities.

—*Current Opinion.*

"The brewer and the distiller are conspirators against the public welfare. Their business converts food into poison."

Don't shut down the factories, but shut up the breweries.

J. H. Kellogg, Race Betterment Foundation.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

GLADSTONE ON SMALL NATIONS.

Rather interesting, in the light of the present tremendous conflict over the rights of small nations, is Mr. Gladstone's protest to Disraeli after the Berlin Conference of 1878:

". . . in this congress of the great powers, the voice of England has not been heard in unison with the institutions, the history, and the character of England. On every question that arose . . . that could lead to any important and practical result, a voice has been heard from Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury which sounded in the tones of Metternich. . . . I do affirm that it was their part to take the side of liberty, and I do affirm also that as a matter of fact they took the side of servitude." Mr. Gladstone stood almost alone in that day championing the cause of the freedom of the little nations.

—*From "Some Hawarden Letters" (Mary Gladstone). Dodd, Mead & Co.*

SPOKANE, WASH.—The Unitarian movement in this city, representing a vigorous forward looking body of men and women, has been looking for a young man of destiny to take hold of their work, and they have found him in the Rev. W. D. Simonds of Oakland, Cal. His eleven years of leadership at the Golden Gate were preceded by a similar career at Seattle, Washington, and previous to that with the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wisconsin. He is the young man they need, one who will be missed at Oakland but who leaves behind him a body of the kind of work that stays. His work on "Starr King of California" has already been noted in these columns. It has revived the interest and renewed the power of that kindling prophet who helped save California for the Union in the dark days of rebellion and put his faith in a universal brotherhood based on the thought of a common Father of us all in the sunlight where many souls found rest and inspiration.

THE VISION.

Across the fields of long ago
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad with face aglow—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully,
Once he has crept within—
I think that he still hopes to see
The man I might have been!

Reprinted from "The Bulletin," published at the California State Prison.

—*Thomas S. Jones.*

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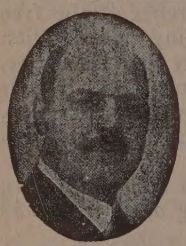

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